The Grocery Store – Free Verse

*The sky a cold grey.*

*The wind a force which could take all.*

*Snow flowing through the air like confetti.*

*And a man.*

*A man who sat under the slim section of covered cement outside our local grocer.*

*A man who, although covered by different shades of brown blankets, was freezing.*

*We ran to the store to find my uncles favourite cake.*

*We were on a tight time schedule.*

*Christmas dinner was in just a few hours.*

*The streets were bare.*

*The only thing lighting up the city, was the grocery store.*

*A little girl and her mother approached the front doors.*

*Just before my foot hit the mat inside, he spoke.*

*He spoke…*

*‘Merry Christmas, any spare change?’*

*In a hurry my mother said, ‘Merry Christmas’.*

*She rushed around the store to find cake mix,*

*Myself, trying not to step on the different coloured tiles,*

*And a man outside who was alone and cold.*

*I wasn’t sure why my mother had grabbed a basket,*

*We just needed mix.*

*Just as my hands were thawing from being out in the cold,*

*Mom directed me to the checkout.*

*I peeked over the counter and noticed a lot more than a box for cake*

*I saw freshly baked sandwich buns, my favourite kind of ham, some cheese, lettuce and mayo.*

*‘But Momma we have food for lunches.*

*‘I know’.*

*What was she doing?*

*Was it to be gifted in some way for Christmas?*

*No way!*

*Who wants food for Christmas?*

*My mom knew who would…*

*The man outside the grocery store.*